



Leni Riefenstahl

David Gunston

Film Quarterly, Vol. 14, No. 1. (Autumn, 1960), pp. 4-19.

Stable URL:

<http://links.jstor.org/sici?&sici=0015-1386%28196023%2914%3A1%3C4%3ALR%3E2.0.CO%3B2-3>

Film Quarterly is currently published by University of California Press.

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of JSTOR's Terms and Conditions of Use, available at <http://www.jstor.org/about/terms.html>. JSTOR's Terms and Conditions of Use provides, in part, that unless you have obtained prior permission, you may not download an entire issue of a journal or multiple copies of articles, and you may use content in the JSTOR archive only for your personal, non-commercial use.

Please contact the publisher regarding any further use of this work. Publisher contact information may be obtained at <http://www.jstor.org/journals/ucal.html>.

Each copy of any part of a JSTOR transmission must contain the same copyright notice that appears on the screen or printed page of such transmission.

The JSTOR Archive is a trusted digital repository providing for long-term preservation and access to leading academic journals and scholarly literature from around the world. The Archive is supported by libraries, scholarly societies, publishers, and foundations. It is an initiative of JSTOR, a not-for-profit organization with a mission to help the scholarly community take advantage of advances in technology. For more information regarding JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Leni Riefenstahl

While the interest recently displayed in the films of Leni Riefenstahl in some quarters may be slightly suspect, it is also true that at this distance from the Second World War we should begin to be capable of a realistic perspective on this woman who has often been called (though without much competition) the greatest woman director in film history—and who made two of the most extraordinary documentary films of all time.

The name of Leni Riefenstahl will inevitably always arouse controversy in film circles. This article, within unavoidable limitations of historical distance, absence from the scene of many of the principals, and handicaps imposed by the politico-propagandist aspect of much of the subject—to say nothing of the difficulties even at this date of remaining completely calm and detached in any discussion of German history and things German—is an attempt to present objectively and without prejudice a detailed account of the Riefenstahl saga to date. This undoubtedly highly gifted woman has at several points in her career been a skilled actress, and she remains so in high degree. This fact, plus her postwar willingness to give conflicting or slanted press interviews, makes it difficult to find the truth behind the camouflaging clouds, and hinders any external observer endeavoring to form a worthwhile, informed opinion on her place in the art and history of the film.

Furthermore, personal case-histories, always notoriously entangled with much-publicized artistic careers in the cinema, here assume an unusual importance. Many assessments of Leni Riefenstahl in the past have tended to be snap judgments or brief expressions of prejudice, and they have always been hampered by inadequate facts about her films and her work in the medium as a whole. This lack is also one that unfortunately seems to bedevil almost all of those who interview the lady for publication.

The present author's intention of steering a careful middle course between a dull filmography and a biographical assessment has not been easy to carry out. But there cannot be too much serious film history, and perhaps the present basically filmographical approach will be found useful by present or future students of that elephantine, tortuous, bitter yet curiously fascinating achievement which is the German cinema.

Leni Riefenstahl was born on 22 August, 1907, in Berlin, the daughter of Alfred Riefenstahl, one of that city's plumbers, and his wife, Berta. She was an attractive child, and grew into a handsome, strong-featured, plumpish yet energetic girl with a great shock of yellow hair. She was educated at the Berlin School of Crafts, but as she showed early promise as a dancer she was sent for training as a ballerina to the Mary Wigmann School and the Russian Ballet under Jutta Klammt. During the years 1923–1926 she was something of a ballet prodigy and was engaged by Max Reinhardt himself for various dancing engagements in the leading theaters of Germany and other European countries, achieving her first really great success in Berlin in 1924, at the age of seventeen. Towards the end of that year, when she was performing as a star dancer in Berlin, there happened to be in the audience Dr. Arnold Fanck, already famous as a maker of Alpine films. He was to be the key to the door that led her to fame, fortune, no-to-

riety, near-disaster, and—far more important—creative release.

Fanck, then only thirty-five, could trace his obsessive infatuation with mountains through time spent in the Swiss Alps for his health as a youth, then as a geologist, later as a climber and skier, and ultimately, from 1919 onwards, in his own words, as "the first specialist for mountain films made at altitudes above 12,000 feet."¹ His early mountain epics like *Wunder des Schneeschuhs* (*Wonder of Skis*—1920), *Im Kampf mit dem Berge* (*Struggle With the Mountains*—1921), and *Der Berg des Schicksals* (*The Mountain of Fate*, also known as *Peak of Destiny*—1924) all crystallized on celluloid his own personal vision of the awe-inspiring Alps and the liberating glories of climbing and winter sports among them. They had achieved considerable success. His graphic, action-filled, pictorially superb work was in direct contrast to the studio-bound expressionism of most of the other German film-makers of the 'twenties, and it was not long before his work, and above all, the subject that inspired it, became a fanatical

cult with a liberal dressing of unhealthy Teutonic *mystique*. For collaborators he already had a brilliant and fearless cameraman, Sepp Allgeier, and as principal male exponent of climbing and particularly of skiing, Hannes Schneider of Arlberg fame. But although he had used actresses in his pictures, he so far lacked a regular leading lady endowed with prowess among the peaks. Female film stars rarely possess real talent as mountaineers, even in hardy Germany.

However, at the Berlin theater that evening Fanck's problem was more circumscribed. He was planning a new movie, *Der Heilige Berg* (*The Holy Mountain*—1926) for Ufa and was seeking a young actress to play the part in it of Diotima, a young dancer whose passion for the great mountain outdoors reaches its fulfillment when she is wooed by an ardent climber. Seeing the Riefenstahl girl on the stage, Fanck knew that she was his Diotima. This part was

Leni Riefenstahl with the Führer whose image she helped to create.



the starring female lead, opposite the former real-life guide Luis Trenker and Ernst Petersen. Immediately Fanck assumed a Svengali-like role towards the budding ballerina. Her part was primarily a dancing one, but it called for a certain amount of elementary rock-scrambling of the kind that Fanck had persuaded other actresses to do convincingly enough, notably in *Der Berg des Schicksals*. Fanck, as usual with him, was not over-worried about the acting side. For him the peaks and glaciers did all the acting that was necessary.

Leni Riefenstahl accomplished with remarkable ease the transformation from the hot, artificial world of the ballet theater to the invigorating snow and air of the Alps. It is obvious now that she was instantly captivated by the new terrain that Fanck's infectious enthusiasm and masterly hand were opening up for her, and before long all thought of developing her career as a ballerina vanished. As has happened to others before and since, active and intimate contact with the strange otherworld of mountains acted as a kind of release mechanism for her creative impulses. In this particular case the conversion was made absolute by her infatuation also with a new medium of expression, the film. Whilst Fanck's contribution to this metamorphosis cannot be overestimated, it seems evident that this intelligent girl's gifts were developed along striking new lines partly by her typically Teutonic liking for the "heroic idealism" of those who sought to conquer the peaks, and partly by the equally typical Teutonic determination she possessed to study and master these intertwined means of self-expression, climbing and winter sports, and making films about them. That the cinematic influence should prove the strongest in the end was to be expected, for it offered the greatest possibilities, but the lure of mountains remains. In the 1959 edition of *Who's Who in Germany* she lists her recreations as "mountain climbing and skiing," along with pastimes possibly more suited to a woman in her fifties, "painting and the graphic arts."

All this is the more remarkable in view of Fanck's bad luck in the making of this movie,

which took more than two years to complete. There were various unfortunate hold-ups on location caused by the weather. Several of the cast were involved in accidents which delayed shooting, often for months on end. Leni Riefenstahl herself was rather seriously involved in all this. Like most winter sports tyros, she found her initial contact with snow and rock puzzling and painful, and on her very first ski trials she sustained a fractured ankle. Later, during the shooting of a night torchlight scene, in which Fanck excelled, her face was badly scorched by one of the naphthalene torches. Fanck, always a stickler for realism, insisted that no proper mountain film can be made in a studio (as Hollywood believed in later years), and he made his actors and technicians share all the rigors, hardships—and the invigoration—of actually working "at altitudes above 12,000 feet." This is doubtless what made his films so memorable: it was only when he descended, both literally and figuratively, into the climbers' studio-built cabins to portray the turgid dramas of human passion necessary to sell the pictures at the box-office, that he lost his grip upon his medium. But in the circumstances then prevailing, these fiery instincts, uncontrolled emotions, and wallowing self-pity had to be shown on the screen in German films of every kind. As Siegfried Kracauer points out in *From Caligari to Hitler*, which deals most perceptively with the Fanck and Riefenstahl Alpine films:

The message of the mountains Fanck endeavored to popularize through such splendid shots was the credo of many Germans with academic titles, and some without, including part of the university youth. Long before the first World War, groups of Munich students left the dull capital every weekend for the nearby Bavarian Alps, and there indulged their passion. Nothing seemed sweeter to them than the bare cold rock in the dim light of dawn. Full of Promethean promptings, they would climb up some dangerous "chimney," then quietly smoke their pipes on the summit, and with infinite pride look down on what they called "valley-pigs"—those plebeian crowds who never made an effort to elevate themselves to lofty heights. Far from being plain sportsmen or impetuous lovers of majestic panoramas, these mountain climbers were devotees performing

the rites of a cult. Their attitude amounted to a kind of heroic idealism which, through blindness to more substantial ideals, expended itself in tourist exploits.²

Kracauer adds: "This kind of heroism . . . was rooted in a mentality kindred to the Nazi spirit. . . . The idolatry of glaciers and rocks was symptomatic of an antirationalism on which the Nazis could capitalize." And on the lowest practical level, skilled mountaineers and trained skiers, like those who practiced the parallel later cult of gliding, were tough, fit men who could be useful militarily in due course. Here, too, we see yet another example of the closeness of German films to German life, and the staging of actually performed epic feats and spectacles before the cameras for the subsequent excitation of mass audiences.

It was to this atmosphere, then, that Leni Riefenstahl, a highly attractive, vigorous, and determined girl of only seventeen, came from the stifling claustrophobia of the *Danz-theater*. She opened *Der Heilige Berg* with a theatrical presentation of her famed "Dance of the Sea," cavorting robustly in a dress that seemed to consist only of a series of long trailing ribbons. This expressionistic prologue served to introduce a film designed by Fanck as his greatest masterpiece to date, but one in which he was to come closer to the then fashionable expressionist ideal than in any other. Later in the film Diotima and her lover wander hand in hand through vast, smoky halls in search of the Holy Grail in a confused, doom-laden sequence that might have come out of any of the early German pictures of Fritz Lang, but which showed signs of dangerous over-reaching in the Fanck opus. This and other basic questions of treatment started the rift between Fanck and his leading actor, Luis Trenker, who were soon to come to the parting of the ways, each continuing in this genre according to his lights.

Fanck was patently delighted with his new protégée, for she emerged not only as a real trouper on location and the first woman really to have mastered the masculine world of mountaineering, but as an avid pupil of the art of film-making. Although she entered wholeheart-

edly into the heroic spirit of the thing, and eventually could climb and ski with the best of them, she did not lose her essential femininity in so doing. Indeed, she grew increasingly attractive, and from a sort of lucky feminine mascot of Fanck's Alpine team grew into a highly distracting influence upon precipice and snow-plain which was to cause minor rivalries and upheavals in the years that followed, notably with the late sober Hannes Schneider, who seemed to resent her existence in what was originally his domain.³ Fanck starred her altogether in six of his most famous movies, all successes, and each advancing her knowledge of film-making.

Der Heilige Berg, notwithstanding its imperfections, was a tremendous success, and Fanck followed it in 1927 with *Der Grosse Sprung* (*The Big Jump*), also for Ufa. This little-known work is a short comedy that stands out in the somber line of Fanck's films not only as that rare thing in the German cinema, the self-parody, but also for the way it burlesques the whole fantasy-world of mountains and mountain films. It pokes high fun at the tourists who went to the mountains ill-equipped both in skill and gear for the rather savage fun they offered, extracting considerable comedy from their inexperience. This was Luis Trenker's last film for Fanck, and the stolid, pipe-smoking future hero of *Berge in Flammen* (*The Doomed Battalion*—1931) and *Der Rebell* (*The Rebel*—1933) seemed somewhat out of place among the comedy capers, though he was able to express many a wry, self-satisfied smile in the picture at the imbecilities of the green tourists, each fortified for the viewer by the knowledge that here, at least, this maestro of the peaks was not really acting at all. The acting honors, such as they are, go to Leni Riefenstahl and her partner, the ace cameraman Hans Schneberger, filling in as a player in what was probably a low-budget production, shot more or less off the cuff, as much of Fanck's earlier work was. Leni Riefenstahl's role was that of Gita, a kind of fairy-story goat girl. Jaunty, provocative, self-assured, she had visibly developed as an actress from the shy heroine of the previous film. Clad

in an extraordinary costume of the combined peasant styles of half a dozen lands (ultrashort skirt, innumerable petticoats, bolero jacket, feathered cap, and knee-boots) she romped through this little farce with her flock of goats, partnering Schneeberger quite delightfully. In England this film was in fact known as *Gita the Goat Girl*. It combines an odd variety of ideas and sequences one seldom expects to find in any German film of the 'twenties. There is an erotic lake bathing scene, much climbing (barefooted) of needle-sharp Dolomite peaks done with obvious skill, thinly-disguised practicalities of mountain-climbing got over with the heavy-handed humor of an accident prevention poster, much perverse fun extracted from the predicament of an animal (in this case a small kid tied to a pair of skis), and some extraordinary surrealistic comedy. This reaches its climax when Schneeberger, as the huffing-and-puffing tyro skier determined to win the race, has himself inflated by his man-servant until he assumes the grotesque appearance of the tire-man in the Michelin advertisement but twice as large as life. Defying all the laws of gravity, he takes off, still on skis, and soars overhead in a Kafkaesque scene to win the race and carry off the voluptuous goat girl. The epilogue is worthy of Sennett, whose influence has never been felt in a stranger context. After an appropriate interval in the mountain cabin (portrayed by stop-motion photography) as the seasons give place one to another, the considerably deflated Schneeberger and the glowing Leni emerge once again into the light of day accompanied by a sparkling brood of miniature Michelin men about two feet tall. Fanck was never to achieve anything like this again.

For Leni Riefenstahl, however, this picture was but a step forward both in public recognition and in skill in making films, as was her next, an obscure Austrian venture *Die Vetsera* (*Fate of the House of Hapsburg*—1928), not directed by Fanck. In this film, which seems to have completely vanished, she portrayed the tragic Marie Vetsera, mistress of the Crown Prince Rudolf of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, who died with him in the Mayerling trag-

edy of 30 January, 1889. She went on immediately to work for Fanck again in his most famous film *Die Weisse Hölle vom Piz Palü* (*The White Hell of Pitz Palü*—1929), which was shot chiefly on and around the noted peak of that name in the Swiss Alps. Fanck showed a commendable disregard for national boundaries when immersed in his Alpine epics: he shot them wherever the scenery suited him best, amid the snows of Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and the Italian Dolomites. In this instance, however, Dr. Arnold Fanck was a name that appeared second on the list of credits. Working for Sokal-Film from a screenplay not entirely his own (Ladislaus Vajda collaborated), he was very much the second string, having in fact been brought in only to supervise the outdoor scenes. Studio sequences and the overall control of the picture were in the hands of G. W. Pabst, directorial hands of iron compared with Fanck's arty clay. Pabst, filling in between *Pandora's Box* and *The Diary of a Lost One*, both with Louise Brooks, collaborated freely with the Alpine expert and together they produced a film that was in every way memorable. Schneeberger and Richard Angst added their cameras to that of Sepp Allgeier, Pabst's own brilliant set-designer Erno Metzner was brought in, and the leading players were Gustav Diessl, Ernst Petersen, Ernst Udet—and Leni Riefenstahl. What was most remarkable about this famous movie was the way she had improved as an actress. Under Pabst's highly experienced and individual direction she was here a real actress, portraying the muted, anxious wife of Diessl, the commanding, sullen *Alleingänger*, with power and freshness. Seeing this epic again today, especially its long scenes with Diessl in the hut, one wishes fervently that Leni Riefenstahl had been a Pabst actress many more times than just this once. It is hard to imagine what she might have achieved, but it would have been considerable, and might have led her into a totally different career from the one she was to follow. But by now she was completely absorbed in mountain film-making.

In an interesting postwar published conversation with Gideon Bachmann, Marc Sorkin

(Pabst's assistant director on this film) had some revealing memories of the making of this film and Leni Riefenstahl's contribution to it:

. . . That was a wonderful picture. Pabst worked on it with Dr. Fanck. Later on, they made a remake of it in the studio, with Hans Albers, but the original was shot on location in Switzerland, and it was terribly cold up there in the mountains in winter. Most of the cast and the help came down with pneumonia. But Pabst and Fanck, they must have had a secret sadistic drive: and you can see that in the picture. Later on in the Albers version, in the studio, Hans Albers would stand in the studio and make like he was freezing; but in the original Pabst version, we really froze. All night long we were drinking hot wine and punch, just to keep on breathing. That is why the film is so good: you can see all the harshness of the weather on the faces of the people. And I must say that Riefenstahl was wonderful; never mind what she did later—I know she became a Nazi and all—but in this picture she was driving herself as hard as anybody, and more. She worked day and night. Schneeberger was in love with her—and she with him, by the way—and they were a good team. She worked harder than anybody. Even Pabst had to admire her; he said, "It's terrible, what a woman!" I was all right. I had my old real Russian fur coat with me. And yet I was so cold I had to drink all night. And you can imagine the actors. The action took place on a 30-meter high sheer ice wall, on the slope of Pitz Palü. . . .⁴

The White Hell of Pitz Palü was an horrific melodrama of a honeymoon couple stranded on a precipice with a half-crazed doctor (Diessl) who had lost his wife on the same mountain on their honeymoon, years before. After appalling ordeals, the couple are rescued by World War I air ace Captain Ernst Udet, trick flying in his tiny ski-plane, though the doctor slips over the brink to join his bride. The picture proved a tremendous success, being generally acclaimed as the best German film of its year, and was put on at the Roxy Theater, New York, being the first German film to be shown there. In 1935, a sound version was issued which had particularly effective music. As Sorkin mentioned, it was also later re-made with Hans Albers and some of the original footage: this hybrid version also was a success. And Fanck's horrendous

avalanche scene has appeared since in several other movies! Most important of all, the serious critics were impressed with an action picture that was at once beautiful and heroic, and with Leni Riefenstahl's acting ability. The discerning *Close Up* reviewer, for instance, wrote:

Here, as never before, is the living spirit of the mountains, vivid, rare, terrifying and lovely. Other mountain films we have had, but we have never had *mountains*—almost personifiable, things of wild and free moods, forever changing. Nobody who loves the hills could fail to be held by this tribute to their splendour. . . . For the heroine, Leni Riefenstahl, renewed and unexpectedly fresh, unexpectedly



Leni Riefenstahl as Junta in THE BLUE LIGHT.

charming. A flowing free rhythm, breath-catching beauty, genuine alarm. Not blatant or manufactured, but sensed with authenticity. The star remains the mountains. . . .⁵

The star of all these Fanck films was in fact the mountains, whose grandeur and intimate "feel" so well communicated tended to make even the best human performer look puny and mediocre. Alas, Fanck never matched up his stories with his locales, and even more unhappily, there was no more Pabst in Leni Riefenstahl's own career. Her acting ability, though it matured and quietened, thus gaining a certain power, never rose above the highly competent. This however was unimportant, for she had already entertained a deep love for the medium, devoting most of her time to it ever since, and what is more, she was to exhibit a strong, perhaps even enviable, cinematic sense.

After the acclamations of 1929, Leni Riefenstahl was to act in three more films for Fanck. The first, an attempt to repeat the formula of its predecessor, but made for Aafa-Film, was chiefly of interest as their first sound picture, *Stürme über dem Mont Blanc* (*Storms Over Mont Blanc*, also known as *Avalanche*—1930), and although it did not compare in the imaginative use of sound with Clair's *Sous les Toits de Paris* of the same year, it showed that sound could increase the stark impact of an Alpine picture. Something of a rehash of earlier Arnold Fanck epics, with its human jealousies resolved against a background of relentless, elemental nature, night rescue parties, bleak outdoor shots, Udet's incredible stunt flying around the peaks and the inevitable (but inevitably well-shot) avalanche, this movie used natural sound with considerable dramatic effect. And the trick of using Beethoven and Bach blaring forth from the radio set in the abandoned weather station on the summit had, paradoxically enough, a truly Wagnerian power. Leni Riefenstahl was also revealed to have successfully passed the hurdle all silent screen stars were dreading just then: her voice was of pleasant, well-modulated timbre, and recorded satisfactorily. After dismissing her as being in yet another typical role—"mountain-possessed as ever," Siegfried Krac-

auer comments that the plot of this grandiose production "follows a typically German pattern, its main character being the perpetual adolescent well-known from many previous films." He adds, with warning after-knowledge, "The psychological consequences of such retrogressive behavior need no further elaboration."⁶

Kracauer also points out how much stress this film laid on beautifully-photographed cloud formations, pointing out how the now not-so-long-to-follow *Triumph of the Will*, in its opening sequence, merely carried over this decadent preoccupation with astral sightseeing into the realm of power politics, Hitler's aircraft suddenly being revealed beneath the piled-up cumuli on its way to land at Nuremberg. The Wagnerian influence again is painfully obvious. . . . (In point of fact, "the ultimate fusion of the mountain cult and the Hitler cult,"⁷ at least on the screen, has never been fully explored. The easy growth and unrestrained adaptation of much of the Fanck-Riefenstahl oeuvre, through *The Blue Light*, into the big Nazi documentaries up till at least the *Olympiad* of 1938, is uncannily fascinating and transcends mere individualistic, personal film-making.)

Dr. Fanck then tried his hand at comedy again, and pulled off a delightful success in the charming, light, and uninhibited *Der Weisse Rausch* (*The White Frenzy*—1931), also for Aafa-Film. Perhaps the happiest movie ever to come out of Germany, and certainly out of any country over which the shadow of the swastika loomed, this was originally titled *Sonne über dem Arlberg* (*Sunshine Over the Arlberg*), being shot in and around St. Anton, with the implacable Hannes Schneider acting out his real-life role as the stern "headmaster" of the skiing school there, training visitor Leni Riefenstahl so successfully that she is subsequently able to partner him as a "hare" in the magical paper-chase over the snows in which some 50 crack international ski champions joined. The fun was fast, furious, and frothy, though the idea not new, since as far back as 1923 Fanck had made (also with Schneider) *Fuchs-Jagd im Engadin* (*Fox-Hunt in the Engadine*). This time, however, he really excelled himself, aided by a high-

ly skillful portrayal by his now firmly established protégée, some very apt music by Paul Dessau, and unselfconscious playing by Lothar Ebersberg as a mock-angelic small boy, and two Mutt-and-Jeff clowns on skis, Walter Riml and Rudi Matt. Writing in 1932, Trude Weiss expressed the feelings of many people on seeing this picture:

Having seen the former mountain films, I was always sorry that their serious plots were never adequate to the beauty of their settings. In attempting to match the action with the power and pangs of love, the general result was *kitsch* among beautiful surroundings. One felt the beauty of the places would be so much more enjoyable if unassuming comedy instead of some *kitsch* tragedy were made the *raison d'être*. In this latest Fanck film the old wish is realised. It is really a 'white frenzy' of snow and sun and movement, and a good deal of humour. The best ski-masters of Austria take part in it, and when they 'fly' down the slopes, twenty, forty of them, in swift curves, the glittering snow spraying round them, you too, in your seat in the dark, get the thrill and happiness of a glorious day in the mountains.⁸

Fanck's career as a highly individual director virtually ended around 1933 when he forsook alpine work and only sporadically entered the studios, as with his abortive attempt to further in the cinema the Berlin and Tokyo ends of the once-famous "Axis," *Die Tochter des Samurai* (*The Daughter of the Samurai*—1937), made in Japan as a rather odd co-production. By 1933, of course, Leni Riefenstahl had outgrown his kind of film-making and had found new inspirations. Notwithstanding the many films they had made together, the erstwhile master and pupil, the new rulers of Germany saw fit in her case to forget and in his case to remember that most of these productions were made for Jews with Jewish money. Telling his story recently to the writer, Fanck revealed what happened:

I made my first film in 1919, and my last (*Ein Robinson*) in 1938. After that I was 'put on ice' (*kaltgestellt*) by Goebbels because I was not a member of the Party and had most of my films financed by Jewish firms, as he well knew. But even after the war was over, no German film company approached me again with the offer of making an-

other picture. In other words, the real, good mountain film has become, and will remain extinct. What possessions I had collected and what I had achieved during the 25 years of my work as a film-maker I lost in Berlin during the war. Then, with only a rucksack, I returned to my old hometown of Freiburg as a refugee. . . . All my films except three were destroyed. This accounts for the fact that I am unfortunately not very well off now, and in rather bad health.⁹

There is some pleasure, therefore, to be taken from the fact that this director, now in his seventies, poor and forgotten and living in obscurity, should in fact take pride in the fact that this his films above all others should continue to delight audiences wherever its is screened. For it is assuredly the best skiing picture ever made and despite its age won an award at the 1956 Sports Films Biennale in Italy, of which its maker rightly claims it was "the biggest success."¹⁰

After the feather-light charm of *Der Weisse Rausch* there remained for Fanck and Riefenstahl his most ambitious picture and the one that finally launched her into world film circles, S.O.S. *Eisberg* (S.O.S. *Iceberg*—1932–33), a frosty epic made under the auspices of the Danish Government in Greenland during most of 1932 and co-produced by Fanck and Ernst Sorge (Deutsche Film) and Carl Laemmle (Universal Film). This was a hybrid work, involving much diplomatic assistance from both Denmark and the United States, the use of myriads of Eskimos as extras, more stunt flying by Udet, the enlisting of the aid of the Northern Lights, and considerable danger and hardship for the location team based at Godhavn, north of the Arctic Circle. Apart from Leni Riefenstahl and Sepp Rist, the leading players, the production team included such assorted helpers from earlier mountain films as Gustav Diessl, Max Holzboer, Walter Riml, Hans Schneeberger, Richard Angst, Gustav Lantschner, and at least a dozen others, most of whom wielded cameras when necessary. The stark melodrama of a small shipwrecked party adrift on a floating and disintegrating glacier was almost completely overshadowed by the superbly caught beauties of the Arctic, much of it filmed (from

Udet's small seaplane) as never before or since. In 1933 an English-speaking version directed by Tay Garnett was released. This retained Leni Riefenstahl, but replaced the principal German actors by Rod la Rocque, Gibson Gowland, *et al.* Altogether this was too complex and hybrid an epic to be really outstandingly successful (six script-writers collaborated with Fanck), but from two books published about the film and its making,¹¹ it is clear a good time was had by all in Greenland. Leni Riefenstahl, now a fully-fledged star, roughed it in the tiny camp-huts with all the men, helping with the cooking, and so on with many photographs to prove it. What is important is that she had now established herself firmly where many a man feared to tread; she was a world-famous actress, good-looking and assured, "a tremendous trouper and a not untalented girl,"¹² whose main preoccupation now was with film-making, pure and simple. In a semi-autobiographical book published in 1935 yet oddly taking her story only up to the completion of *S.O.S. Eisberg* in 1933,¹³ she could write sincerely of "*Meine Leidenschaft—Die Kamera*," "my passion—the camera," and print a photograph of one to back up the assertion of faith in the medium that henceforward was to be her life.

For, in truth, the Greenland interlude was of little real significance to her, since she had already emancipated herself from Fanck with the one film above all others that was to settle her fate as a director, *Das Blaue Licht* (*The Blue Light*—1931–32). Whilst on a holiday walking tour a year or two earlier in the Italian Dolomites, she had chanced upon an old folk legend of the dangerous blue light emanating from the peak of Monte Cristallo, and how only Junta, a strange outcast girl, knew the secret of how the glow came from a cave full of natural crystal deposit. Leni Riefenstahl was entranced with the savage simplicity of this tale and resolved one day to transfer it to celluloid. So in 1931 she set up a small independent production company, with Schneeberger and Bela Balazs as co-partners. A small team shot the film chiefly in the Saarn Valley, one of the most beautiful places in Europe, in the summer of 1931. She herself played the wild-eyed, rag-clad Junta,

"an incarnation of elemental powers,"¹⁴ and the German actor Mathias Wieman took the supporting role of Vigo, the Viennese painter who witnesses these strange events and falls in love with the doomed outcast. The sound on this film was not good, and for some reason the cast chose to speak bad Italian rather than good German, probably to enable the local villagers to participate. This, coupled with the slight story, diffuse script, and the director's sheer inexperience, could hardly have failed to make the final result anything but weak and insipid. Yet *The Blue Light* retains a powerfully atmospheric impact, and remains an intense, dedicated, unique screen poem, "a film of extraordinary beauty."¹⁵ An anonymous contemporary critic pin-pointed its great fault when he wrote "It is the cameraman's film, and therefore not a film at all."¹⁶ Schneeberger met the natural beauties of the landscape with every artifice of careful composition, soft focus, time-lapse work (for the rising and setting of sun or moon) and coruscating filter-handling that gave rocks, trees, water, mist, sunshine, and peasant faces in close-up a magical effect. There are touches of Eisenstein and Epstein in this film, and clear evidence of its influence in the later work of Flaherty, Pagnol, and Sucksdorff. All this intoxicating influences, whilst causing the tyro director to attempt the almost impossible task of making the film and taking the leading role, confirmed in her a tremendous ambition to be a film-maker of originality and power.

This hope was soon to be fulfilled in a manner few who assisted her amid the sun-drenched rocks of the Dolomites in 1931 could have foreseen. In the spring of 1932 *The Blue Light* was released in Germany, and among the many who saw it and admired its director and leading lady, both for her glamor and her artistic skill, was Adolf Hitler. The two were to meet later that year, when Hitler was on the threshold of power. A witness of this somewhat unusual meeting was Ernst "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, who nurtured (at that time) the fatuous belief that the best restraining influences on the budding Führer were the presence in the Hitler entourage of himself and suitable attractive feminine company. In his postwar volume of memoirs, *Hitler—The Miss-*

ing Years, he reveals that it was Goebbels who actually made the introduction:

About the only thing which reconciled me to the Goebbels was their unashamed enthusiasm for finding female companionship for Hitler. I was all in favor of this. I thought if he could find another woman it would be the best way of taming him and making him more human and approachable. Leni Riefenstahl was [one] of the Goebbels' introductions. She was in their apartment one night for dinner.

Leni Riefenstahl was a very vital and attractive woman and had little difficulty in persuading the Goebbels and Hitler to go on to her studio after dinner. I was carried along and found it full of mirrors and trick interior decorator effects, but what one would expect, not bad. There was a piano there, so that got rid of me, and the Goebbels, who wanted to leave the field free, leant on it, chatting. This isolated Hitler, who got into a panic. Out of the corner of my eye I could see him ostentatiously studying the titles in the bookcases. Riefenstahl was certainly giving him the works. Every time he straightened up or looked round, there she was dancing to my music at his elbow, a real summer sale of feminine advance. I had to grin myself. I caught the Goebbels' eyes, as if to say, 'If the Riefenstahl can't manage this no one can and we might as well leave.' So we made our excuses, leaving them alone, which was all against his security regulations. But again it was an organized disappointment. The Riefenstahl and I travelled in a plane a day or two later and once more all I got was [a] hopeless shrug. However, she had made her mark and obtained quite a lot of privileges from Hitler for her film activities.¹⁷

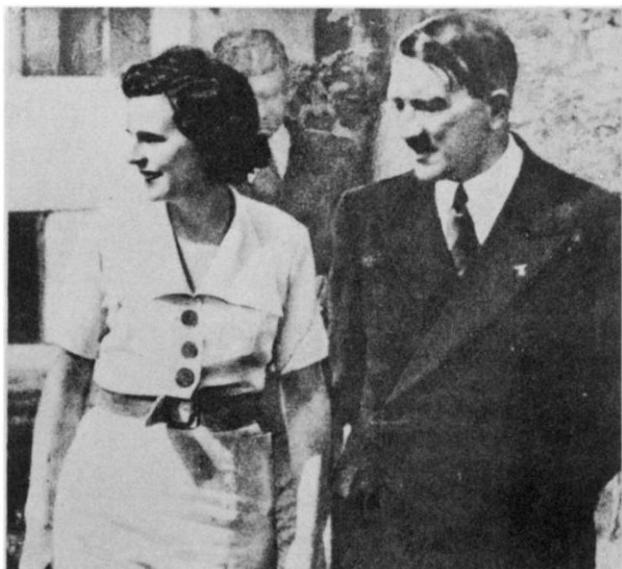
Of course, the dictator may have met her before this—it has been said they first met at the tiny Baltic coast resort to which he frequently repaired in those days—and he certainly knew of her long before 1932. Both Hitler and Goebbels were extremely knowledgeable about films, and the former can scarcely have escaped noticing that *The Blue Light* had won the Gold Medal of the 1932 Venice Biennale.

What is important is that, as Hanfstängl pointed out, she "had made her mark" with Hitler before he came to power. When, in 1933, he became Chancellor of Germany, Hitler continued to enjoy the rapt adulation of the attractive young actress-turned-director; and for his

part, he chose her to make his most important propaganda films and did in fact grant her many privileges not enjoyed by anyone else. It is said, for instance, that she could consult him on film problems at any time, and in spite of later denials, it is clear she spent a good deal of time in his company in Berlin, Munich, Berchtesgaden, and elsewhere.

It is not our purpose here to stir up the already much raked-over history of Leni Riefenstahl's relationship with the Führer: in postwar years she has consistently said "There was really nothing in it. Hitler respected me as an artist, nothing more." Certainly Hitler's own reference to her as his "perfect German woman" merely created a label impossible either to live up to at the time, or to live down since. It is clear, however, from all the available evidence, that platonically or otherwise, the dictator very much liked to surround himself with women who were both attractive and intelligent, particularly actresses, on a tête-à-tête or tea-table level, finding relaxation in their company. And Leni Riefenstahl was of this company, occupying a special place there insofar as she really was a filmmaker and not merely a performer. Hitler was too shrewd a politician to have entrusted important screen political documents to an incompetent, yet on the evidence thus far available—the acting for Fanck and *The Blue Light*—it is hard

Leni Riefenstahl with Hitler, April, 1938.



to see now how he could be sure that she would fulfill his purposes in the way he wanted.

What has never been fully explained is Leni Riefenstahl's exact official position in the Nazi propaganda set-up. This may never be completely known. Whilst ostensibly coming under the "Short and Propaganda Production" Section of the Reich Film Chamber of Goebbels' Ministry of Propaganda, her responsibility was always to Hitler personally. This is made clear by Goebbels' latest, and best-informed biographers, Dr. Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fränkel:

Goebbels' dream of a major development in films inspired by the Nazi regime never succeeded. To this there was only one exception, the director Leni Riefenstahl whose personal belief in Nazism and personal devotion to Hitler were matched by a talent of unusual power. It is ironic that she worked as an individualist with the direct authority of Hitler and had as little to do with Goebbels as possible.¹⁸

Certainly it was always an open secret that the relationship between Goebbels and Leni Riefenstahl was of mutual dislike, even though she was said to have fainted with joy and excitement (some said she was merely acting again) on receiving a film award from Goebbels' hands on the stage of a Berlin theatre in 1936,¹⁹ and was seen parading arm in arm with the little doctor on the sunlit terrace of the Excelsior at Venice during the 1938 Film Festival there.²⁰ More recently she has declared "Goebbels was a big enemy of mine."²¹

Leni Riefenstahl's first film for the Nazis was *Sieg des Glaubens* (*Victory of Faith*—1933), celebrating the first Nazi Party Congress after Hitler came to power. A short, powerful, yet compared with later productions a modest piece of screen propaganda, it revealed in its maker great gifts in the realm of editing for maximum mass effect. It was apparently followed, in 1935, by an almost forgotten work entitled *Tag des Freiheits* (*Day of Freedom*),²² which the director herself seems to prefer to overlook, since she omits it from her own list of her films.²³ Perhaps its subject was the cause for this, for it glorified and was in fact made for the Wehrmacht.

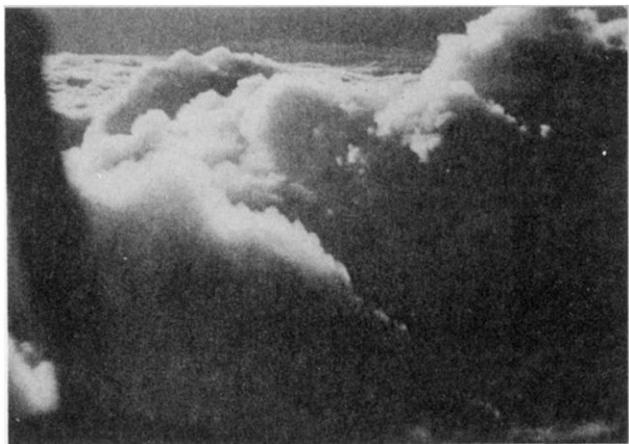
Then came that stupendous masterpiece of film propaganda *Triumpf des Willens* (*Triumph of the Will*—1934–35), a "paean of praise" for the Nazi cult that was expressly commissioned by Hitler. Rarely has any film commission been so faithfully executed. At this date, it is unnecessary to try to find anything fresh to say about this film which remains today both an historical document of the utmost importance, and an example of what screen propaganda can do, though it never did so before and probably will never do so again. Its tremendous impact can still arouse almost any audience: even those who profess to be profoundly bored with the whole thing are seldom reacting completely objectively, and must also admit to vague feelings of disquiet when the screening is over, the rantings and cheerings silenced, the banners and torches stilled. What can be stressed is the way it evolved naturally out of the mountain films, also how much the great Party Congress held at Nuremberg from September 4–10, 1934 was in fact a gigantic show staged for the making of this film. The use of cloud effects has already been mentioned; similarly the old houses and architectural details of the city of Nuremberg itself were used effectively in a way that had already been explored in *The Blue Light*. In charge of the many cameramen who participated was Fanck's old aide Sepp Allgeier, assisted amongst several others by Guzzi and Otto Lantschner, also former Fanck collaborators. In fact, behind the 30-odd cameras and in the production staff of some 120 were many names who had proved their worth up among the peaks. Nor can any film have had more numerous or more willing extras; apart from the old city's normal population of some 350,000, over half a million party members and some 200,000 other visitors—770,000 visitors in all—converged on the rally and performed spontaneously before the cameras.²⁴ We tend to forget, as Iris Barry pointed out, that this Congress was "actually staged for the camera like some colossal Hollywood production,"²⁵ only more so. Kracauer's description of it as "an inextricable mixture of a show simulating German reality and of German reality manoeuvred into a show"²⁶ is an

apt one. And as Richard Griffith added "The mixture really was inextricable . . . and it was cast into the melting pot by a talent which we must, however reluctantly, recognise as one of the most brilliant ever to be concerned with films, that of Leni Riefenstahl. Let it suffice to say that this woman's knowledge of the power of editing images was profound, nearly as profound as Pabst's or Eisenstein's."²⁷ The director herself confirms the fact that film and event were thus intertwined, revealing in her book on this picture that "the preparations for the Party Convention were made in concert with the preparations for the camerawork."²⁸

Two conclusions cannot escape anyone seeing *Triumph of the Will*: it could never have been made by anyone not fanatically at one with the events depicted, nor equally could it have been made by anyone not profoundly encompassed by the medium.

Soon after this Riefenstahl masterpiece was released to every cinema in Germany in 1935, preparations began for both the staging and the filming of another great spectacle, the 1936 Olympic Games, to be held (to Hitler's delight) in Berlin. Leni Riefenstahl's great filmic record of this world event, if less of a directly manufactured political show-piece, is almost equally effective as a film, and as film propaganda, and it too has never been equalled. Although variously known as *Olympische Spiele 1936* (*Olympic Games 1936*), *Olympia Film* and *The Berlin Olympiad*, the director gives her own title for it as simply *Olympiad*²⁹—in its two separate parts: *I Fest der Völker* (*Festival of the Nations*) and *II Fest der Schönheit* (*Festival of Beauty*) (1936–38). Each half was some two hours long, and this time the principal themes were *Kraft durch Freude*, the fine New Germany, and the personal glorification of a humane, benign Führer. Seeing this film for the first time in 1948, when it was shown privately to the London Critics' Circle, Richard Winnington wrote of "a brilliant and intermittently repulsive work" though he conceded it was "a complete use of the movie to describe a great event."³⁰

Strangely enough the *Olympiad* film succeeds



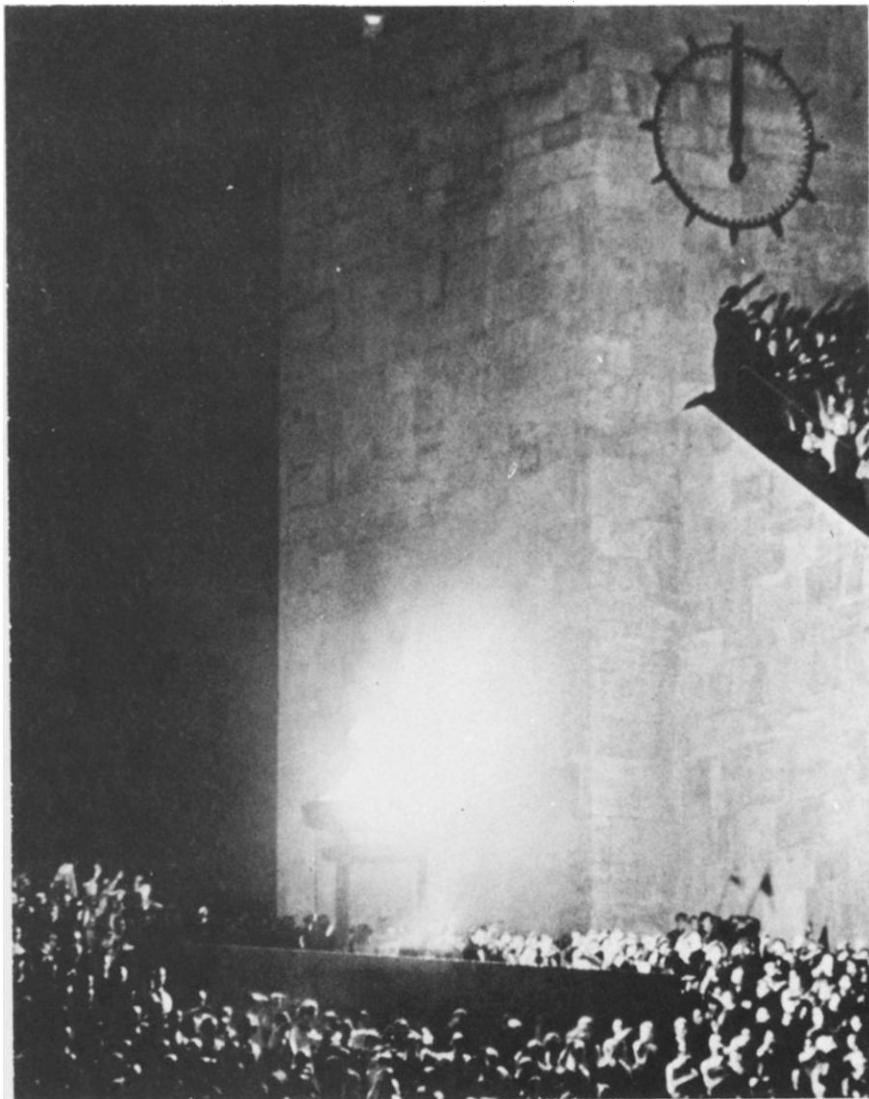
From the opening sequence of
TRIUMPH OF THE WILL.

on three separate planes—as a factual record of a world sporting event, as a cunning and skilful piece of Nazi propaganda, and as a brilliant example of how artistic a documentary can be. With some 45 cameramen, additional automatic cameras, aircraft, balloons, innumerable miles of stock and plans for camera set-ups that must have taken months to prepare, the picture was made with full Nazi support and is a striking example of what can be done regardless. Again the alpine film influences are obvious: apart from the pretentious neo-classical Prologue which at times harks right back through all the films of the twenties to *Dr. Caligari*, there are the slow-motion diving sequences, borrowed from Fanck's slow-motion ski jumpers, while the hushed beauties of the opening of Part II, with the naked young men plunging into the misty woodland pools at dawn are scenes from *The Blue Light* re-enacted with gleeful young Nazis intruding. In spite of its imperfections and unpleasantnesses it is truly "a film whose propaganda fades to give its poetry the greater permanence."³¹

Leni Riefenstahl claims to have edited every foot of this immense movie herself,³² and the picture was in fact two years in the cutting-room, not being released until 1938. This was partly due to the preparation of very many different national versions for distribution to all the countries that send athletes to the Games. These were in 16 different commentary languages, and skilfully included generous footage

of national triumphs interlarded with German prowess and the almost continually smiling Führer. Ironically enough, the British version never reached audiences in that country. It was seized in the German Embassy in London on the outbreak of war in September, 1939. Later it was handed over to the British Army Kinema Corporation, who cut the epic into handy shorts which were used all through the war (and afterwards) for the physical training of recruits!

Again, Mussolini's Italy gave the movie the Gold Medal of the 1938 Venice Film Festival, but this high opinion was endorsed in 1948 by the further award of a diploma by the International Olympics Committee. The present writer carries away from the rarely seen German version an indelible image of its times and its maker: Leni Riefenstahl, bareheaded, in a long white raincoat, carrying a leather shoulder-bag stuffed with notes, completely absorbed in the immense



OLYMPIAD:
*The drama
of the
mass
audience.*

From OLYMPIAD.

task given her, busy here, there and everywhere, yet not too preoccupied to dash across to the finishing line of some race to congratulate a German runner—an incident duly recorded in the commentary.

These four films represent virtually all of Leni Riefenstahl's work in Nazi Germany. Without the inspiration and the backing of Hitler they would never, could never have been made, and Richard Griffith's well-merited eulogy would never have been written. Political views aside, only one tiny doubt creeps in. It is fed by the persisting postwar rumor that this remarkable and energetic woman, in the corruption that was Nazi Germany, was in fact given credit for achievements in film-making that were not truly hers: that were, in fact, those of Walter Ruttmann. This insinuation smacks of petty jealousies that not infrequently arise in artistic circles, and as with so much that occurred within the Third Reich, it seems likely that we shall never know the full truth. Certainly Ruttmann was the master-editor of the German cinema. His silent documentary *Berlin* (1927) and his sound experiment *Die Melodie der Welt* (1930) are abundant proof of that, and he was assistant to Leni Riefenstahl (in her combined role of producer, director, and editor) on the *Olympiad*—thought not on *Triumph of the Will*. It is also said that he held her in low regard—jealousy again? Certainly he did not think much of *The Blue Light*, which he described in punning French as "La plus grande beautise du cinéma" (*beauté* and *bêtise*—beauty and stupidity).³³ No doubt Leni Riefenstahl learned a great deal from him but to say he is owed the credit she took seems something of an exaggeration. Unfortunately, Ruttmann died in the war on the Russian front, and the other principals are also dead—save one who has every reason for not heeding this particular piece of gossip. So failing the verdict of history, it would seem wisest to give Leni Riefenstahl the benefit of the doubt on this particular point.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that it seems unlikely that she will ever again produce work of equal power to these documentaries. The idol, the creed, the political climate inside



Germany and out—are all gone. Certainly, the Riefenstahl saga since 1938 shows no sign of it. Instead, there is a sorry tale of setbacks and vicissitudes, of frustration and trying to live down the past.

In 1939 she began to film *Penthesilea*, after the play by Heinrich von Kleist, with its blonde Amazon beauties. This project was fated in its year of production, and was broken up during the beginning of the war. Then, in 1940, Leni Riefenstahl attempted a screen version of *Tiefland* (*Lowlands*), the very popular operetta by Eugene D'Albert, telling of the love idyll of a Spanish shepherd and a gipsy girl, which role she herself took. The film, the story, and the result had marked echoes of *The Blue Light*. Shooting was very often interrupted by war conditions in Germany, and the final scenes were completed at the Barrandov Studios in Prague in 1944, as were many German films of the 'forties. Whilst in the cutting stage, the movie was confiscated by the Allies. What happened afterwards can be told in her own words:

After the war I had to start my own war to collect the negative spread over three countries—Germany, Austria and France. Only with an almost exhausting tenacity could I regain possession and save what could be saved. This Odyssey of my picture could be a picture in itself. In 1954 *Tiefland* could be at last released in Germany from one of the foremost distributors, Allianz. It was a true success in Germany and Austria with the press and public alike. Completely unforeseen, this company went into bankruptcy, and the distribution has been stopped, the export of the picture also. . . . Who-

ever liked *The Blue Light* should discover the advance in style this picture intends to offer. It has been labeled by neutral critics as "timeless."³⁴

One critic, Geoffrey Donaldson, described *Tiefland* as a "filmic anachronism" but admitted its fair success on its home ground.³⁵

Ever since 1939, when on her first visit to Hollywood she was boycotted owing to her alleged political affiliations, and back at home a captious movie critic had dubbed her *Die Ölige Ziege*, "the oily goat,"³⁶ because of the slippery way she slid around mountain peaks in her movies,³⁷ Leni Riefenstahl had realized that the path she had chosen was not always to be luxurious and comfortable. Early in the war, during the German invasion of Poland, on her very first day as a uniformed war correspondent with a camera team, she chanced to be in a village called Konsky when 28 Jews were massacred by German troops in a hectic mix-up. She was so affected that she could not continue her work with her film unit, and complained personally to General von Reichenau.³⁸ The complaint was passed upwards in routine fashion, but of course nothing was done about it, and she withdrew immediately "from co-operation with war films and films with a political tendency."³⁹ Her influence with Hitler clearly waned as he himself became the withdrawn and disastrously distraught war commander, and in 1944 she married Major Peter Jacob of the Wehrmacht.

But her hardships were not over. In 1945 she was arrested by the Allies, and her lavish homes in Berlin and later in Munich were seized. Then she was expelled from her home in Kitzbühl, and there began a long series of examinations and court appearances from 1948 until 1952 when she was finally "de-Nazified" with the verdict "No political activity in support of the Nazi regime which would warrant punishment."⁴⁰ It was a fair verdict, for she had in fact suffered considerably by the long cat-and-mouse procedure, and to this day finds it hard to resume a career as an independent filmmaker.

The company of "Leni Riefenstahl Produktion," now based on her apartment in the most

fashionable part of Munich, has had many projects and almost as many setbacks since the 1952 decision. In that same year she put out a newly-cut version of *The Blue Light*, with fresh music by the original composer Giuseppe Becce and a new sound track. "It started to run with good success but again the distributor, National, went bankrupt too."⁴¹ The next project was another documentary, *Schwarze Fracht* (*Black Cargo*) dealing with the African slave trade. Much shooting of this took place in East Africa during 1956-57, in color, but again completion is held up for the necessary finance—at the last estimate DM 100,000. There is another idea for a picture "about tribes of special interest in East Africa, those who have not yet come into contact with civilization and who will be from the optical viewpoint especially suitable for filming."⁴² This work seems now to be unfortunately at a standstill. More recently a London producer has been reported as having approached her with the idea of completely remaking *The Blue Light*,⁴³ and there has also been a report of a newly cut re-issue of the *Olympiad* with all the Hitler footage excised.⁴⁴ When the British Film Institute planned to include *Triumph of the Will* in its 1957 German season at London's National Film Theatre, pious protests were received from the West German Embassy, but the picture was shown. The director herself takes pride in the fact that this film and *Olympiad* are regularly shown on the American West Coast, adding sardonically "no windows are broken."⁴⁵ Unfortunately the British Film Institute did succumb to external pressure earlier this year after it had invited Leni Riefenstahl to lecture at the National Film Theatre on "My Work in Films" (to be modestly illustrated "with extracts from *The White Hell of Pitz Palü* and *The Blue Light*"). Fearing disturbances arising out of her public appearance at a time when anti-Semitic slogan-daubing was rife in Germany, the B.F.I. timidly cancelled the lecture, but spoke of its right to choose guest speakers without reference to their political attachments. But as Penelope Houston has pointedly asked: "Was it, after all, the 'artist as an artist' who made *Triumph of the Will*?"⁴⁶

Leni Riefenstahl in Milan, 1952

Leni Riefenstahl's natural anxiety to resume her much-troubled film career has not been helped by the postwar spate of press interviews she has given, and she might do well to rely upon the memoirs she is said to be writing for the defense she feels it necessary to make. These would make an intriguing footnote to posterity's verdict, which seems likely to be that Leni Riefenstahl, while not a great artist in the cinema, was still a significant and considerable one.



NOTES

1. *Who's Who in Germany*, 1959.
2. Siegfried Kracauer, *From Caligari to Hitler*. Princeton, 1947.
3. See Gerard Fairlie's biography of Schneider, *Flight Without Wings*. New York, 1957.
4. *Cinemages 3: "Six Talks on G. W. Pabst."* New York, 1955.
5. *Close Up*. Territet, Switzerland, December 1929.
6. Siegfried Kracauer, *op. cit.*
7. *Ibid.*
8. Trude Weiss, *Close Up*. Territet, Switzerland, March 1932.
9. Personal communication to the author.
10. *Ibid.*
11. Dr. Arnold Fanck, *S.O.S. Eisberg*. Freiburg, 1933. Dr. Ernst Sorge, *Mit Flugzeug, Faltboot und Filmkamera in den Eisfjorden Grönlands*. Berlin, 1933.
12. Paul Falkenberg in *Cinemages 3: "Six Talks on G. W. Pabst."* New York, 1955.
13. Leni Riefenstahl, *Kampf in Schnee und Eis*. Leipzig, 1935.
14. Siegfried Kracauer, *op. cit.*
15. Ernst Iros in *Experiment in the Film*, edited by Roger Manvell. London, 1949.
16. *Cinema Quarterly*. Edinburgh, 1932-33.
17. Ernst "Putzi" Hanfstängl, *Hitler-The Missing Years*. London, 1956.
18. Dr. Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fränkel, *Doctor Goebbels*. London, 1960.
19. See *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, 30 March, 1946.
20. See *The Spectator*, London, 25 September, 1959.
21. *Daily Mail*, London, 3 February, 1960.
22. See *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, 30 March, 1946.
23. As supplied to the author.
24. National Film Theatre Programme Note. London, 1955.
25. See Paul Rotha and Richard Griffith, *The Film Till Now*. London, 1949.
26. Siegfried Kracauer, *op. cit.*
27. Richard Griffith in *The Film Till Now*. London, 1949.
28. Leni Riefenstahl, *Hinter den Kulissen des Reichsparteitag Films*, Munich, 1935.
29. Personal communication to the author.
30. Richard Winnington, *Drawn and Quartered*. London, 1948.
31. Oxford University Film Society Programme Note. Oxford, 1950.
32. See *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia, 30 March, 1946.
33. See *Cinemages 3: "Six Talks on G. W. Pabst."* New York, 1955.
34. Personal communication to the author.
35. *Films and Filming*. London, April 1957.
36. See *Time*, New York, 5 May, 1952.
37. *Ibid.*
38. See Gerald Reitlinger, *The Final Solution*. London, 1950.
39. *Daily Mail*. London, 3 February, 1960.
40. *Time*. New York, 5 May, 1952.
41. Personal communication to the author.
42. *Ibid.*
43. *Films and Filming*. London, May 1960.
44. *Sunday Express*. London, 13 July, 1958.
45. Personal communication to the author.
46. *Sight and Sound*. London, Spring 1960.